



*The FATHER and his CHILDREN.*

AS round their dying Father's bed  
 His sons attend : the Peasant said,  
 ' Children, deep hid from prying eyes,  
 ' A treasure in my vineyard lies,  
 ' When you have laid me in the grave,  
 ' Dig, search,--and your reward you'll have.  
*Father, cries one, but where's the spot ?—*  
 He sighs ! he sinks ! but answers not.

The

The tedious burial scene  
 Home hie his sons, and  
 Each corner of the vine  
 Dig up, beat, break;  
 Yet though to search  
 Nor gold, nor treasure  
 But when the autumn  
 A double vintage crowd  
 ' Now, quoth the Peasant,  
 ' Our Father's legacy is  
 ' In yon rich purple Grapes,  
 ' Which, but for digging  
 ' Then let us all reflect  
 ' That labour is the source